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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM
YEAR TO YEAR"

All the Year Round
a
Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

PART 140

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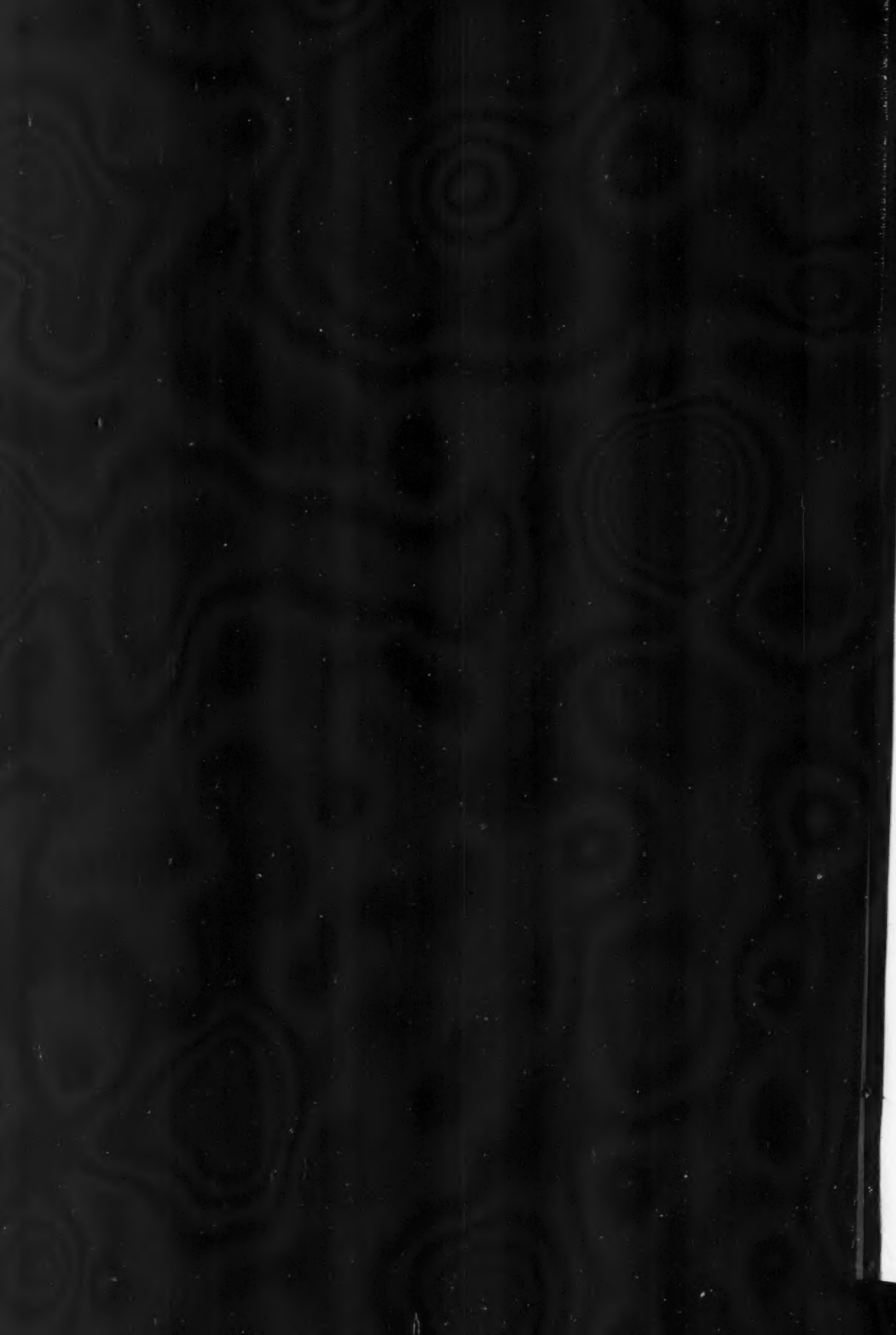
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No. 606. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1880.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DUKE'S CHILDREN.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER LXXVI. ON DEPORTMENT.

FRANK TREGEAR had come up to town at the end of February. He remained in London, with an understanding that he was not to see Lady Mary again till the Easter holidays. He was then to pay a visit to Matching, and to enter in, it may be presumed, on the full fruition of his advantages as accepted suitor. All this had been arranged with a good deal of precision—as though there had still been a hope left that Lady Mary might change her mind. Of course there was no such hope. When the duke asked the young man to dine with him, when he invited him to drink that memorable glass of wine, when the young man was allowed, in the presence of the Boncassens, to sit next Lady Mary, it was of course settled. But the father probably found some relief in yielding by slow degrees. "I would rather that there should be no correspondence till then," he had said both to Tregear and to his daughter. And they had promised there should be no correspondence. At Easter they would meet. After Easter, Mary was to come up to London to be present at her brother's wedding, to which also Tregear had been formally invited; and it was hoped that then something might be settled as to their own marriage. Tregear, with the surgeon's permission, took his seat in Parliament. He was introduced by two leading members on the Conservative side, but immediately afterwards found himself seated next to his friend Silverbridge on the top bench behind the ministers. The house was very full, as

there was a feverish report abroad that Sir Timothy Beeswax intended to make a statement. No one quite knew what the statement was to be; but every politician in the House and out of it thought that he knew that the statement would be a bid for higher power on the part of Sir Timothy himself. If there had been dissensions in the Cabinet, the secret of them had been well kept. To Tregear, who was not as yet familiar with the House, there was no special appearance of activity: but Silverbridge could see that there was more than wonted animation. That the Treasury bench should be full at this time was a thing of custom. A whole broadside of questions would be fired off, one after another, like a rattle of musketry down the ranks, when as nearly as possible the report of each gun is made to follow close upon that of the gun before—with this exception, that in such case each little sound is intended to be as like as possible to the preceding; whereas with the rattle of the questions and answers, each question and each answer becomes a little more authoritative and less courteous than the last. The Treasury bench was ready for its usual responsive firing, as the questioners were of course in their places. The opposition front bench was also crowded, and those behind were nearly equally full. There were many peers in the gallery, and a general feeling of sensation prevailed. All this Silverbridge had been long enough in the House to appreciate; but to Tregear the House was simply the House.

"It's odd enough we should have a row the very first day you come," said Silverbridge.

"You think there will be a row?"

"Beeswax has something special to say.

He's not here yet, you see. They've left about six inches for him there between Roper and Sir Orlando. You'll have the privilege of looking just down on the top of his head when he does come. I sha'n't stay much longer after that."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't mean to-day. But I should not have been here now—in this very place I mean—but I want to stick to you just at first. I shall move down below the gang-way; and not improbably creep over to the other side before long."

"You don't mean it?"

"I think I shall. I begin to feel I've made a mistake."

"In coming to this side at all."

"I think I have. After all it is not very important."

"What is not important? I think it very important."

"Perhaps it may be to you, and perhaps you may be able to keep it up. But the more I think of it the less excuse I seem to have for deserting the old ways of the family. What is there in those fellows down there to make a fellow feel that he ought to bind himself to them neck and heels?"

"Their principles."

"Yes; their principles! I believe I have some vague idea as to supporting property and land and all that kind of thing. I don't know that anybody wants to attack anything."

"Somebody soon would want to attack it if there were no defenders."

"I suppose there is an outside power—the people, or public opinion, or whatever they choose to call it. And the country will have to go very much as that outside power chooses. Here, in Parliament, everybody will be as conservative as the outside will let them. I don't think it matters on which side you sit—but it does matter that you shouldn't have to act with those who go against the grain with you."

"I never heard a worse political argument in my life."

"I daresay not. However, here's Sir Timothy. When he looks in that way, all buckram, deportment, and solemnity, I know he's going to pitch into somebody."

At this moment the leader of the House came in from behind the Speaker's chair and took his place between Mr. Roper and Sir Orlando Drought. Silverbridge had been right in saying that Sir Timothy's air was solemn. When a man has to declare a solemn purpose on a solemn occasion in

a solemn place, it is needful that he should be solemn himself. And though the solemnity which befits a man best will be that which the importance of the moment may produce, without thought given by himself to his own outward person, still, who is there can refrain himself from some attempt? Who can boast, who that has been versed in the ways and duties of high places, that he has kept himself free from all study of grace of feature, of attitude, of gait—or even of dress? For most of our bishops, for most of our judges, our statesmen, our orators, our generals, for many even of our doctors and our parsons, even our attorneys, our tax-gatherers, and certainly our butlers and our coachmen, Mr. Turveydrop, the great professor of deportment, has done much. But there should always be the art to underlie and protect the art—the art that can hide the art. The really clever archbishop, the really potent chief justice, the man who, as a politician, will succeed in becoming a king of men, should know how to carry his buckram without showing it. It was in this that Sir Timothy perhaps failed a little. There are men who look as though they were born to wear blue ribbons. It has come probably from study, but it seems to be natural. Sir Timothy did not impose on those who looked at him as do these men. You could see a little of the paint, you could hear the crumple of the starch and the padding; you could trace something of uneasiness in the would-be composed grandeur of the brow. "Turveydrop!" the spectator would say to himself. But, after all, it may be a question whether a man be open to reproach for not doing that well which the greatest among us—if we could find one great enough—would not do at all.

For I think we must hold that true personal dignity should be achieved—must, if it be quite true, have been achieved—without any personal effort. Though it be evinced, in part, by the carriage of the body, that carriage should be the fruit of the operation of the mind. Even when it be assisted by external garniture, such as special clothes, and wigs, and ornaments, such garniture should have been prescribed by the sovereign or by custom, and should not have been selected by the wearer. In regard to speech a man may study all that which may make him suasive, but if he go beyond that he will trench on those histrionic efforts which he will know to be wrong because he will be ashamed to

acknowledge them. It is good to be beautiful, but it should come of God and not of the hairdresser. And personal dignity is a great possession; but a man should struggle for it no more than he would for beauty. Many, however, do struggle for it, and with such success that, though they do not achieve quite the real thing, still they get something on which they can bolster themselves up and be mighty.

Others, older men than Silverbridge, saw as much as did our young friend, but they were more complaisant and more reasonable. They, too, heard the crackle of the buckram, and were aware that the last touch of awe had come upon that brow just as its owner was emerging from the shadow of the Speaker's chair; but to them it was a thing of course. A real Cæsar is not to be found every day, nor can we always have a Pitt to control our debates. That kind of thing, that last touch, has its effect. Of course it is all paint—but how would the poor girl look before the gas-lights if there were no paint? The House of Commons likes a little deportment on occasions. If a special man looks bigger than you, you can console yourself by reflecting that he also looks bigger than your fellows. Sir Timothy probably knew what he was about, and did himself on the whole more good than harm by his little tricks.

As soon as Sir Timothy had taken his seat, Mr. Rattler got up from the opposition bench to ask him some question on a matter of finance. The brewers were anxious about publican licenses. Could the Chancellor of the Exchequer say a word on the matter. Notice had of course been given, and the questioner had stated a quarter of an hour previously that he would postpone his query till the Chancellor of the Exchequer was in the house.

Sir Timothy rose from his seat, and in his blindest manner began by apologising for his late appearance. He was sorry that he had been prevented by public business from being in his place to answer the honourable gentleman's question in its proper turn. And even now, he feared, that he must decline to give any answer which could be supposed to be satisfactory. It would probably be his duty to make a statement to the House on the following day—a statement which he was not quite prepared to make at the present moment. But in the existing state of things he was unwilling to make any reply to any question

by which he might seem to bind the government to any opinion. Then he sat down. And rising again not long afterwards, when the House had gone through certain formal duties, he moved that it should be adjourned till the next day. Then all the members trooped out, and with the others Tregear and Lord Silverbridge. "So that is the end of your first day of Parliament," said Silverbridge.

"What does it all mean?"

"Let us go to the Carlton and hear what the fellows are saying."

On that evening both the young men dined at Mr. Boncassen's house. Though Tregear had been cautioned not to write to Lady Mary, and though he was not to see her before Easter, still it was so completely understood that he was about to become her husband, that he was entertained in that capacity by all those who were concerned in the family. "And so they will all go out," said Mr. Boncassen.

"That seems to be the general idea," said the expectant son-in-law. "When two men want to be first, and neither will give way, they can't very well get on in the same boat together." Then he expatiated angrily on the treachery of Sir Timothy, and Tregear in a more moderate way joined in the same opinion.

"Upon my word, young men, I doubt whether you are right," said Mr. Boncassen. "Whether it can be possible that a man should have risen to such a position with so little patriotism as you attribute to our friend, I will not pretend to say. I should think that in England it was impossible. But of this I am sure, that the faculty which exists here for a minister or ministers to go out of office without disturbance of the Crown, is a great blessing. You say the other party will come in."

"That is most probable," said Silverbridge.

"With us the other party never comes in—never has a chance of coming in—except once in four years, when the President is elected. That one event binds us all for four years."

"But you do change your ministers," said Tregear.

"A secretary may quarrel with the President, or he may have the gout, or be convicted of peculation."

"And yet you think yourselves more nearly free than we are."

"I am not so sure of that. We have had a pretty difficult task, that of carrying on a government in a new country, which is

nevertheless more populous than almost any old country. The influxions are so rapid, that every ten years the nature of the people is changed. It isn't easy; and though I think on the whole we've done pretty well, I am not going to boast that Washington is as yet the seat of a political Paradise."

THE BROADS AND RIVERS OF EAST ANGLIA.

THE principal rivers of Norfolk and Suffolk in connection with the Broads are the Yare, the Waveney, and the Bure. The first-named is called the Wensum while above the city of Norwich. The Yare drains Norfolk. Its source is in the centre of the county, south of Wymondham, and its course is first towards the north, then south-east. Its length is full sixty miles, and the area of its basin one thousand one hundred and eighty square miles. It falls into the ocean at Gorleston, below Great Yarmouth, after forming Breydon Water, four miles long and one mile wide, and a long canal-like harbour. Its tributaries on the left bank are Blackwater, which has its source near Shipdam, the course easterly, joining the Yare at Marlingford after a run of fourteen miles.

The Wensum has its source near Rainham, course south-east, passes Fakenham and Norwich, below which city it joins the Yare after a course of forty-five miles.

The Bure has its rise near Melton Constable, not far from Hindolveston, runs south-east, passes Aylsham, to which it is navigable from the ocean; length fifty miles. The Bure has an affluent in the Ant, which flows by North Walsham, and its length is thirteen miles.

On the right bank the Yare is indebted to the Waveney, which rises near Lopham, takes an east-north-east direction, waters Diss, Harleston, Beccles, and Bungay, to which latter town it is navigable. It enters the Yare at Burgh Castle, and combined with the Yare forms the Breydon Water, as above. Before the Waveney reaches Lowestoft, with which it communicates by an artificial cut and masonry at Mutford Bridge, it expands into a magnificent sheet of water known as Oulton Broad, and below the lock enters an expanse of tidal sea-water called Lake Lothing. The length of the Waveney is sixty miles, and the area of its basin one thousand one hundred and eighty square miles.

It will thus be seen that the drainage of this enormous area has but one open outlet to the sea at Gorleston, below Yarmouth, and that it is not surprising, therefore, that during exceptional flood times the absence of an adequate channel is the occasion of those disastrous inundations around Norwich and the low-lying lands throughout the county for miles. One of these calamities visited Norwich as recently as 1878, when more than one-fifth of the city was submerged, and the dwellers within its ravages subjected to great loss and most trying privations.

We have advisedly placed the broads first in our title, as they, although said to be dependent for their aqueous supply from the river, are the peculiar theme upon which we desire to dwell. The word "broad" is entirely provincial, and characterises a peculiar feature in the topography of East Anglia. It simply means the large lakes or basins (lagoons, in fact) which by a glance at the ordnance map will be found mostly connected by narrow channels to the three important rivers, the Yare, Waveney, and Bure.

We have qualified the statement that the broads are dependent for their supply upon the main rivers, as we are inclined to believe otherwise, and that the broads owe their influx more to natural springs and inland drainage than to any other source, and that they thus contribute a constant accession of fresh and pure water to the rivers rather than borrowing it from them. These broads are chiefly in the north-eastern part of Norfolk and a portion of Suffolk. If an ideal triangle be drawn on the map, having for its points Norwich, Lowestoft, and Happisburgh, it will comprise the principal part of them; and their formation is attributed to the generally flat surface of the counties, and the consequent sluggish course of the rivers.

John Greaves Nall, in his Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft, says that "West of Yarmouth is a great alluvial flat, once the bed of a vast estuary, which extended many miles inland; its subsoil consists of alternate layers of moor and silt, accumulated whilst the sea had free ingress. The most important remains of this estuary are the various small lakes called broads. The remainder of the estuary is now more or less laid dry, and constitutes a continuous tract of marshes, stretching for miles along the western side of the town, their character modified by the fresh or salt water which

flows by, and occasionally inundates them." As the coast, on two sides of East Anglia, is not comparatively very far off in any direction, and sandy soil predominates, vegetation for some distance inland is but coarse and scanty, and few plants can flourish for the want of water, which filters through before the roots have time to absorb it. They consist chiefly of marrains and grasses whose long roots penetrate deep enough to reach whatever moisture exists. Were it not, however, for these simple, uninteresting-looking plants, the country along the coast must long since have been inundated or buried; their long shoots extending many feet in length at a few inches below the surface, and crossing and matting in every direction, bind down the sands blown up from the beach, whilst their short, strong foliage prevents it being dispersed over the neighbouring lands.

The broads are of all dimensions, from the puny pool, choked up with reeds and rushes, called locally a "pulk," to a wide, extended lake, and are mostly comparatively shallow, with a firm, hard, marly bottom generally as even as a bowling-green. They are often margined with a jungle of tall reeds, the same kind as that with which the rivers are lined, giving excellent shelter to pike and rudd. Some of them are embanked by rising grounds, the trees on which come down and hang over the water's edge, making the aspect exceedingly picturesque, particularly when the scene is supplemented with one or more of the graceful private yachts with the large sails peculiar to these waters.

Of the broads there are nearly fifty altogether in Norfolk and Suffolk. The first affluent into the Bure is Muck Fleet, a stream which drains a large lake called the Ormesbury Broad, but is not navigable. These broads consist of seven sheets of water, intersected by two causeways. They contain seven hundred acres of water, which in the group of Ormesby Broad, is so pure that the population of Great Yarmouth, Southtown, and Gorleston are supplied from them. These seven sheets of water are as follows, namely, from the south to the north: the old Burgh Broad; the Filby and Burgh Broad; the Filby Broad; the Waterlily Broad; Rollesby and Ormesby Broad; the Waterworks Broad; and the Hemsby and Martham Broad. Angling is permitted in all these broads except Filby, although they are private

property, and they may be fished, with the exception named, by application at the anglers' inn, The Eels' Foot.

Proceeding towards the north-east, and passing under Acle Bridge, the Bure receives by far its most important tributary, not before named, the Thurne, or the Hundred Stream, which joins it at Thurnmouth. The Thurn drains the water from five broads, namely: Hickling Great Broad, five hundred acres; Horsey Mere, one hundred and twenty acres; Martham Broad, seventy acres; Heigham Sounds, one hundred and fifty acres; and Whitelea Mere, fifteen acres. In Hickling Broad, although shallow, the water is remarkably good. Martham Broad is to a great extent blocked up with aquatic vegetation.

Returning to the main river at Thurnmouth the Bure turns to the north-west. At about the distance of two miles it receives the surplus waters of the South Walsham and Upton Broad, and on the other side the river Ant as before observed. The Ant drains Barton Broad, an expansive sheet of water and several other smaller broads, altogether over two hundred acres. Wherries (sailing barges) from Yarmouth pass up the Bure as far as its junction with the Ant. This river is made navigable to North Walsham by means of an inland navigation, called the North Walsham and Dilham Canal, and a large traffic is carried on to and from Yarmouth; coals, goods, and timber are taken up country, and corn, hay, and reeds from the margin of the broads are brought down, the latter for thatching, hurdle-making, fencing, and other purposes. The Barton Broad is strictly preserved.

As the river Bure turns still further north-west, the outlet of the Ranworth Broad of one hundred and fifty acres is observed. In a bend of the river at Horning Ferry is situated the great resort of Norfolk anglers, the Ferry Inn. The river itself, but not the broad, is free to the public for angling.

Proceeding still further north-west are the Hoveton Small Broad, about eight acres, and then Hoveton Great Broad, one hundred and twenty-three acres, and also Woodbastwick Broad, forty acres. We then come to Salhouse Broad, and near these are Wroxham Broad, altogether about two hundred acres. The Bure then flows north-west, under Wroxham Bridge, draining several other small pieces of water at Belough.

This, then, completes the list of broads

which are drained by the main river Bure. We now turn our attention to the river Yare. Immediately above Great Yarmouth there is a large tidal lake, called Breydon Water, one thousand two hundred acres. Vessels sail through the middle of this up to Norwich. The Norwich and Yarmouth railway takes the course of the Yare valley, and has stations at Brundall, Buckenham, Cantley, and Reedham, each of which is a short walk to inns on the banks of the Yare, greatly frequented by anglers during the season. The distance from the south pier at Yarmouth to the new mills, Norwich, by river is thirty-two miles. Barges can go no further than these mills. Upon this course of the river there are two broads, namely, Surlingham and Rockland; together these broads contain nearly one hundred and thirty acres of water, and are the great spawning-grounds of the Yare.

At the north-west end of Breydon the river Waveney joins the Yare under the wall of Burgh Castle. Only two large broads flow into this river, which is nearly seventy miles in length. At Oulton Broad and Mutford Bridge there is an excellent angler's and yachtman's rest. The Waveney for many miles forms the boundary between Norfolk and Suffolk, and its head waters rise within a few feet of the Ouse, which flows on to Lynn Wash. Thus it will be seen that in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk there exists a magnificent chain of inland lakes, containing five thousand acres of water, connected with the sea by about two hundred miles of river, the greater part of which is navigable. For excursion by water throughout the whole of this system of rivers and broads, perhaps the best starting point is either Great Yarmouth or Mutford.

No spot in the British Isles affords better opportunities for the study of natural history than the neighbourhood of the broads. In the class of water-birds the number of species added to the British list exceeds that which any other place in the kingdom can claim, whilst the frequent occurrence of the rarer species, and the great abundance of the common, present opportunities met with nowhere else. In former times the Norfolk fens must have swarmed with wild-fowl, and this, coupled with the abundance of fish, attracted the attention of numerous monastic bodies.

Several works upon the flora and fauna of East Anglia are more or less accessible to the student, by Hooker, Smith, Dilwyn,

Martens, and Paget; the contents, more particularly of the latter, are rich in information. With regard to the general fauna of Norfolk Mr. Lubbock's cheap manual is perhaps the most complete. We learn from this work that amongst the mammalia which are or were formerly inhabitants of these districts were the red deer, their horns of a large size having been found in various situations, very commonly in ponds and pieces of water; and the horns of the roebuck, although much less frequent, are occasionally discovered. The badger, frequent at the beginning of this century, is almost extinct. The martin-cat has likewise become extremely rare. The polecat is not uncommon. It is strictly nocturnal, and then so erratic in its habits that detection and capture are difficult. They used to be hunted with hounds resembling the otter-hound, but smaller, low long-bodied dogs covered with rough hair. Packs are still kept in Wales and the North of England. The Yarmouth water-dog deserves a special notice, although not entirely peculiar to the country. For its sagacity the writer can vouch. One instance may serve to illustrate the general instincts of the class. A dog of this kind was kept at the fen pumping-mill at the top of Breydon Water. In the winter his favourite pursuit was to go out by himself, and search in the rough stones which face the Breydon wall for wounded wild-fowl: these always, if possible, creep into some nook or corner. When the wind was north-east, and many ducks in the country, he sometimes carried home eight or nine wild-fowl of various kinds in the same morning. After leaving one at the mill with his master, he returned of his own accord to the place whence he had taken it, proceeding regularly in his search, and every time recommencing exactly where he left off. As he travelled to and fro on the marsh wall, he would, if unloaded, wag his tail and acknowledge the notice of any one who spoke to him; but no sooner had he obtained booty than he seemed to consider himself the guardian of a treasure, and to distrust every one. As soon as a man appeared to be coming towards him he left the wall, and crossing a wide dyke, betook himself to the marshes, and went the longest way home.

It is generally supposed that a cat has an unconquerable aversion to wetting its feet. There are many authentic exceptions to this notion. While we were staying at the Wherry Hotel, Mutford, we were often on the banks from which the anglers depart

for the sport which is here of the best. A cat belonging to the house, tempted down by the fry and smaller fish thrown out of the baskets of the captors, sometimes found herself so much engaged on board a boat as to be unaware that it had proceeded far into the lake before her knowledge of her abduction had become a fact. Heedless of water and its consequences, however, she would mount the gunwale, look for an instant in the direction of the hotel, then take a header and swim, as well as any dog, towards the landing-stage, mount the ladder, wring herself mop-wise, and shortly afterwards be found purring about with a perfectly dry skin.

The stoat is in the fens known as the lobster. It revels and increases, despite all the traps and snares of the gamekeeper; the great extent of open rabbit-warrenry contributing to its existence.

Whether the ferret is, as urged, no more than the polecat domesticated, we must leave to the closer observations of naturalists; but our experience permits us to draw a wide distinction between the two. How slow and inert, for instance, is the one, how active and lithe is the other; but this, says Lubbock, "may arise from close confinement. I knew an instance in which three or four ferrets were turned off to free a mill from rats, and after a few weeks of perfect liberty they exhibited all the briskness and agility of the polecat."

We cannot forego the opportunity here of putting in a word for the weasel. It is an old friend of ours, to whom we can accord the best of characters. Let us give one word of advice to those who are troubled with rats or mice. Buy a weasel. A single one in a farmyard, after it has been petted from its birth, and fed upon bread-and-milk, is invaluable. Indeed, in Norfolk it has acquired the name of mouse-hunter. The weasel ought not to be confounded with the stoat. The latter is an egg-sucker and game-destroyer, but the weasel is now becoming generally accepted as an exterminator of vermin only.

The otter is becoming scarce in East Anglia. A few are occasionally caught in steel traps, set without a bait in the places where they land to eat; and there is hardly a broad in Norfolk in which an otter has not some time or another been found drowned in one of the numerous bow-nets set in the spring for pike and tench, after the contents of which they have dived and lost their lives.

The brown rat is too numerous everywhere; the black rat, the original rat of Britain, is still occasionally found in Norwich; the water-rat is abundant everywhere in low grounds. It has, however, a determined enemy in the stoat and weasel, as likewise has the short-tailed field-mouse which is also plentiful. The common-mouse is found everywhere. The long-tailed field-mouse is also general. The harvest-mouse is found partially. The common shrew is general. The water-shrew occurs occasionally, and a somewhat recently discovered species has been taken near Norwich. The hedgehog is still common, though much persecuted. The squirrel is found more or less in all plantations. The dormouse is scarce.

To give even a list of the names of the water-fowl and land birds for which the districts of the broads were, and still are, famed would take up far more space than is at our disposal.

Of the fish indigenous to the fresh and brackish waters of the counties, we may mention the Alice-shad, which may be seen in Oulton Broad in considerable shoals of individuals during the summer months from one pound to six pounds and over. They will seldom take a bait, and are generally secured by the spear. The common, Pomeranian, and white bream, burbot, common and crucian carp, chub, dace, eels (broad and sharp nosed) flounder, garfish, gudgeon, loach, lampern, lamprey, perch, pike, roach, rudd, ruffe, smelt, sturgeon tench, bull, common, salmon, and sea trout are all met with.

Railways are at length penetrating into this hitherto terra incognita. The one from Norwich, Aylsham, and Cromer, with its branches, open upon some of the most interesting of the broads; and as it follows as much as possible the valley of the Bure all the more-important towns and villages on their banks have alighting stations. The other new line is from the Yarmouth sands, skirting the sea to Caistor, and then touching upon the broads of Ormsby, Martham, Stalham, Hickling, and the river Ant, with the town of North Walsham, &c.

The whole of the inland fisheries of Norfolk and Suffolk are protected by a special Act of Parliament, which, while it greatly circumscribes the powers of the net and other engines of wholesale destruction, permits the use of the angle without let or hindrance all the year round in the free waters of which there are vast extents.

Two other railways are about to be

constructed which will still further develop the fisheries of this county, and as they will approach the springs and sources of the rivers will tend materially to aid in the cultivation of trout now seriously engaging the attention of the wealthy riparians of Norfolk.

ANITA VON KAMPF.

THE class and extent of education which a man should give his children ought to be a very grave matter to resolve. I have not myself had occasion to study it, but I have laughed or grieved, in many parts of the world, over the demonstration of other people's errors. The question settles itself happily, in many cases, by the constitutional inclination of youth to learn as little as may be; but sometimes the child, especially the girl, finds itself, on returning from school, amidst surroundings with which its training has destroyed all sympathy. There cannot be a sight more pathetically amusing than that of a young lady who comes from England, with her head full of figures and Mangnal's Questions, to live in the bush amongst black men and cattle and mud and all things unclean. From the utmost refinement of artificiality, she is plunged into the mere struggle for existence; from the last stage of civilisation, she returns almost to the first. I have known such cases where the exile regretted her teaching, and passionately wished she had been brought up like the semi-savages around. And, in general, my experience is that parents learn almost to hold this opinion, if the girl do not.

Once upon a time, a measure of reform in the Prussian navy offered superior officers very favourable terms for retirement. Amongst those who took advantage thereof was a post-captain, whom I will call Von Kampf. He scarcely claimed to be noble, he had no private means, and when he commuted his half-pay there was no prospect before him but emigration; for he had a wife, a baby, and the expectation of another. In the course of service he had visited the Spanish Main. The beauty and natural wealth, the fine climate, and the endless capabilities of Nicaragua much impressed him. I have not personally found that sailors are more simple-minded than other men. On the contrary, my experience is that they are particularly wide-awake as a class, perceiving their own interest, and pursuing it with a shrewdness

and tenacity which landmen cannot excel. But Captain Von Kampf was an exception. He put two and two together sagaciously enough, but he failed to see that they would not multiply without operations impossible to execute. The climate and soil of Nicaragua are admirably suited for cacao and coffee, which Europe is eager to buy at prices which should be vastly profitable. Therefore, thought the good Herr, I will grow cacao and coffee in Nicaragua, and make a fortune. The premises were sound, but the result did not arrive.

Captain Von Kampf bought, for a nominal sum, a piece of ground between Castillo and San Carlos, on the San Juan river. It was partially cleared, and a hut stood on it. In two years' time the place was so far improved in all respects that he ventured to summon his wife from Germany. She came with delight, leaving the children at home. With her clever and careful overlooking, and the captain's energy, their plantation grew to be as prosperous as such small enterprises ever are in Nicaragua, but no more. The coffee-trees were brought from San José de Costa Rica, the cacao from Dirioma; oranges were planted, a garden laid out; room by room the hut was enlarged. No more children came, which was not unfortunate, seeing that the nearest medical man lived a hundred miles away, and he had neither drugs nor diploma.

This couple worked without ceasing for the boy and girl at home, to make things comfortable and civilised as far as might be. I have them before my eyes now. A tall, thin old man, with a wistful look; his close beard dashed with grey, as though time had clutched it by handfuls. A stout, frank dame, of the best German type, lower in breeding, I should imagine, than her husband, but gentlewoman to the core of her honest heart. The husband wore grey cotton in place of cloth; but his jackets were cut and buttoned after the fashion of naval uniform. The housewife discarded some petticoats probably, but she kept her stays, her decent peignoir, her cap, her neat shoes and stockings; and both one and the other were as tidy in their jungle home as if the admiral commanding were hourly looked for to make a general inspection.

The son came home at length, a bright, tall, handsome boy. He delighted in the place; shot, fished, explored the forest, paddled to Greytown or up to San Carlos, learned enough Spanish to make love, and then vowed there was no country like

Nicaragua. It may be, however, that the knowledge that he must return in three years' time for military service brightened the present exile. Before his sister came in her turn, the boy wandered off to the gold diggings, with little money but much sense, to pick up a fortune if it could anywhere be found. Captain von Kampf might well be proud of his daughter. I never saw a more beautiful creature of the German brunette type. Tall though she was, her dark brown hair hung in two thick plaits below her waist. Her black eyebrows were perfectly arched; lashes glossy as silk shaded large hazel eyes full of life and humour. Her mouth, her figure, were perfect in slender symmetry. She looked thoroughbred to the bone.

I have said that the old couple laboured to make their home comfortable. Disappointed ambition did not now carry them beyond this modest aim. Not that the captain's estimate proved false. The climate, the soil, did everything that could possibly be asked of them, but there was no trustworthy means of carriage, no security for labour or produce. River thieves, travelling in bands, would strip a hundred cacao bushes in a night. Troops would halt in harvest time and sweep away the maize. The commandant of San Carlos or Castillo would "pronounce" for something or somebody—himself perhaps—and demand benevolences. Prussia was but Prussia then, a country scarce heard of in Nicaraguan affairs. I think it had no minister at all in the five republics, and its consuls were disregarded. Von Kampf prayed only that his small capital might be rescued for Anita's dower.

But in fifteen years of toil and sacrifice much had been done to make the house and the ground about it pleasant to a young girl's eye, and Anita was delighted, as her brother had been. A double row of orange trees, always in bloom, and always in fruit, screened the dwelling from the river. On one side, to a person landing, was the garden; on the other, a grove of silky plantains; in front, the house, garlanded with roses. A fine tree left standing here and there had been encircled with a rustic bench, and draped with the loveliest creepers. Dogs, deer, monkeys, racoons, flaming macaws, dainty yellow paroquets, slept in the sunshine, or fed in the shade. The inside of the house was not less quaint and novel. The coarse mud walls, the floors of beaten dung, were hidden with mats, snow-white or coloured, after a fashion

admired by Von Kampf on the other side the world. Skins and horns and beautiful feathers were the ornaments, with a few treasured relics of civilisation.

In the first flush of enthusiasm Anita declared that she could live in this enchanted spot for ever. For awhile, in truth, the girl was perfectly happy. To sit under a tree, with her jungle pets around her, was intoxicating bliss. The scent of the orange blossoms, the murmur of the river, the voices of the forest, lulled her sense to delicious dreams. At morning she was wakened by the thunderous roar of the baboons, the screeching of macaws, which flew and lit and rose again like a fiery cloud. In the hot noontide the cicales sang, the passing boatmen hailed each other in long melancholy shouts. At evening, the frogs began their concert, not inharmonious, the congos howled again, the parrots chuckled softly as they winged their fluttering flight towards home. And then at dark, when the lamp-light shone amongst the roses, and the pale mists curled upon the river, what music in the beetle's hum, what shuddering mystery in the scream that rang through the silent forest! Life became one sensuous romance—whilst the novelty lasted.

But of such pleasures the human mind grows weary, even when shared with love. Anita was an innocent girl, but, at seventeen, instincts are all the stronger because not understood. The weeks rolled into months, and no one visited the house save barefoot pedlars, and sordid buyers of produce. The boats all went past, unless, at night, a party would land to steal. Then the big dogs raised a furious clamour, and Von Kampf must go out with his gun, whilst she, trembling, crept into her mother's bed, and lay wide-eyed till his return. Upon the lofty steamer which went up or down each week, were crowds of people gaily dressed, dancing often to music which recalled past happy years. How she envied them! The pleasures which had first enthralled her wondering sense, now irritated and annoyed. That terrible howl at morning time, for which she used to wait with a delicious thrill, was known for the voice of a lazy, ugly little ape. The flowers were full of insects, the rose-trees sheltered scorpions and spiders. A hideous snake lived in every hole. Those dots on the river were floating alligators, the cry of the boatmen a blasphemous obscenity. She had nothing to do the livelong day; for on this plantation there was no girl's work.

The male servants were stolid Indians; the women foul-mouthed, dirty, familiar. She hated the noisy sunshine, she hated the still night—she hated her life.

But Anita kept these feelings to herself as much as possible. Her parents had been overjoyed at that first delight, which scattered many anxieties. An idea fixed in their minds was not easily moved. But one cannot weep languidly for several hours a day without betraying some signs of the exercise, and it presently dawned upon Madame von Kampf that her little daughter wanted change. Instantly the dear old captain ordered out his canoe, and paddled her off to Greytown. I could not describe Anita's joy in visiting that dreary little hamlet. There was not, I suppose, an unmarried white man in the place, where amusement is a word unknown for those who do not class drinking and poker as the highest joy. But there were people, life, sound of voices, movement, possibilities. Anita could scarcely refrain from speaking to the passers-by, from kissing the women to whom she was introduced. At the end of a week the captain brought her back, and loudly announced a cure. But within three days she was crying again, more miserable than ever.

Providentially, as these simple persons put it, Ludwig paid them a visit at this time. Anita was herself again at once; she talked and laughed without ceasing. They strolled into the forest, paddled on the river, ran up to San Carlos, or down to Castillo, and there danced, without too close scrutiny of their vis-à-vis. Every senora knew Ludwig, and every don fell in love with Anita. But Ludwig left, and the old symptoms returned more alarming. Her mother took her to Greytown, but this remedy did not twice avail. Perhaps the child was older—between seventeen and eighteen girls rapidly mature. She came back scarcely better, and from that time began to waste and pale. The parents, anxiously reflecting, decided that want of exercise was her complaint, and they were probably right in some degree. But how could a girl walk alone in those trackless, muddy woods, peopled by wild beasts and savage men? The captain dared not leave his hacienda every day, the peons could not be trusted. The river remained. Ludwig had taught his sister to paddle, and, what was almost more important, had trained a huge tiger-dog to sit in the canoe. With painful misgivings, leave was granted the girl to go upon the water with her dog and her mother.

Anita did not care much for the privilege; she had fallen into the despairing stage. But it did her good. She moved, her young limbs found expansion; she seemed, at least, to re-enter the living world, though it was but the world of a forgotten river. The rude boatmen seldom addressed her, so astonished were they at the apparition. When, by a chance designed, the canoe passed as closely as was safe beside the crowded steamers, all on deck rushed to the side.* If there were not a secret instinct which reveals to a pretty girl her beauty, Anita would then have learned that she found favour in the eyes of men. I can fancy her charming face under a sailor's straw hat, her lithe figure showing its exquisite contour beneath the white camice, the neat little foot and tiny glimpse of a bright-coloured stocking. I can fancy the pretty picture well, for I saw it fifteen years ago, and it is not forgotten.

Seeing that no harm arose, but much good, of these daily excursions, Madame von Kampf became less fearful. When the cares of the hacienda demanded extra vigilance, she suffered Anita to go out alone under the charge of the faithful Nero. If the girl when alone found the riverside population less indifferent, she was not so incautious as to tell. Their jests were too cynical for her distinct understanding. Gradually and unconsciously more and more freedom was granted, until her solitary excursion became part of the day's routine. Needless to say that the privilege was not abused. The most determined of flirts would abandon all hope on the San Juan.

One afternoon, as usual, Anita stepped into her canoe, and Nero followed delicately. The river was high, flowing very swift and turbulent even near the shore. There was no danger, however, except the abiding one of "snags." Anita paddled down just outside the shadow of the trees wondering sadly if all her life was to pass in this torpor. That was her reflection by day and night, and it so absorbed her that she did not look out as persons should who travel on a swollen tropic stream. Suddenly a crash, a swirl, and she found herself in the water clinging to a submerged tree. Anita was quick of body as of mind. She felt branches beneath her, and in a moment had gained a footing on

* Our story dates at the time when the Californian Accessory Transit Company still carried some twenty thousand to thirty thousand passengers across Nicaragua annually.

the trunk. The situation was not alarming for a good swimmer. Not ten feet distant the overhanging branches of the forest dragged and swayed in the racing stream. The canoe, full of water, lay entangled among the snags; Nero, whining, breasted the current at a little distance. Anita moved cautiously along until clear of the branches, and let herself go. In three strokes she reached the shore firm and dry above the flood, and the dog landed beside her.

A path worn by prowling boatmen follows the river bed, passing behind Von Kampf's plantation. Anita always carried a pistol in her excursions, and with Nero at her call she had little to fear. There was ample time before dusk to regain the house, which could not be more than two miles away. To reach it, however, a favourite camping-ground of travellers must be crossed, and she recollected noticing an unusually large number of bongos moored off the spot. Under other circumstances, the mere sight of people would have been not unpleasant, but Anita was dripping like a Naiad. Very uncomfortable in body and spirit she went on, and her quick feet speedily brought her to the clearing. It was crowded with soldiers in ragged jackets of blue "ticking," who lounged and cooked, brought wood from the forest, smoked, gambled, sang, and quarrelled. Two tents stood in the middle of the space, one old, tattered, and dirty, the other white and new. Whilst Anita stood hesitating at this unexpected sight, considering whether it were possible to avoid the camp, she remarked a sentry watching her. The safest course then was to advance, and she stepped boldly forward. A buzz of admiration arose, and the soldiers crowded round, laughing, impudent, but not consciously insulting. Exquisitely beautiful Anita looked, I have no doubt, her eyes big with anger and tears, her soft mouth quivering. Nero preceded her, growling low and looking from side to side.

Ready to drop with shame, the girl hurried on. As she passed the tents two men stepped out, curious to know the disturbance. One, tall and fair, stood motionless in admiration; the other snatched up a cloak and threw it round her, saying, in highflown Spanish courtesy: "Pardon, young lady! It is the best the poor soldier has!" This ready act brought the tall man forward. "My friend's heart is sounder than his wardrobe, *senorita!*" he

exclaimed. "Let me offer something more worthy to enwrap a celestial visitant. Pedro! my cloak!" It was brought before Anita could protest: an article of the loveliest quality, with fur, and golden clasps, and brandenburgs, and what not. The girl would have preferred to keep the worn and faded garment, but this young man did not seem accustomed to refusals, and she scarcely dared somehow to resist. So, with murmured thanks to the other, she slipped off his gift, and the superior article was clasped beneath her chin.

"You have had an accident in the river," pursued the victor composedly, "and you are hurrying home? I am right? You must let me escort you. Raffaele, my revolver! No ladylike protestations, I beg! My friend Miguele's soldiers are the most virtuous of their sex, but it is on record that angels have been tempted by a daughter of man, and what strength has even a saint when tempted by an angel? Do you live far?"

They had set out already, for he did not seem to hear Anita's objection, and he ignored the presence of Miguele, who followed stupidly. With a careless pat, and a lug at his ear, he had reduced growling Nero to utter bewilderment. The dog looked askance, and showed his teeth, but when these denunciations were met by another good-natured lug, he frankly surrendered.

In replying timidly, Anita revealed her foreign accent, which was instantly observed. "You are American, of course? No? English? Ah, how stupid I am!" Forthwith he began to talk fluently in German, though Anita saw it was not his birth-tongue. She stole a glance from time to time at this the first gentleman she had met in eighteen months, saving her father and brother. No doubt at all but he was a gentleman, and how very clever, cultured, handsome, dashing! A child who had seen the world might have felt a disrespectful familiarity in his address, and an unpleasant arrogance. To Anita it seemed only that he spoke like a big, kindly brother. Masterful ways became her vague notion of a hero. By the time they reached the house, this stranger had already taken hold of her imagination. But a view of the hacienda checked his laughing, rather impertinent flow of talk. Anita was surprised to see that he frowned like a man disappointed. Captain von Kampf and his wife were seated as usual under a tree by the river, awaiting their child's return. She

ran to them, relieved her feelings with a shower of kisses and tears; then vanished without more explanation, her anxious mother following. Von Kampf recovered his wits to find himself before a young man, who twisted his heavy fair moustache to hide a smile.

"It is no wonder, sir," observed the latter cautiously, "that you are bewildered. Fräulein Anita ran her canoe on a snag, and swam to shore like a mermaid. As she crossed my camp down yonder, I took the liberty of lending her a cloak. Let me introduce myself. I am hastening by the longest possible route to join my regiment in China. My name is"—a glance at Miguele, and a moment's hesitation—"Yorke; and I may say, like our Scottish Norval, that to-day's happy deed gilds that humble name."

With frank cordiality the captain replied, and took his daughter's deliverer within. Miguele followed, and in answer to the captain's glance, Yorke introduced him as "Don Miguele Arroya, captain of artillery, and my schoolfellow at Stonyhurst. He does not talk German." This remark, which sounded like a kindly hint, was not so intended apparently. For Yorke resisted every effort to turn the conversation into English or Spanish.

Anita came down, looking but the lovelier for her sunshine tears. The admiration of both young men betrayed itself in their eyes, and the mother's instinct, so long asleep, was roused. In his air, his manner, Yorke had that indefinable something which tells of wealth. Duty enjoined it on Madame von Kampf to give her daughter an opportunity. She hurried off to add some Teutonic dainty to the evening meal, and on returning found the Englishman alone. Miguele had waited only to torture himself with a last vision, and then departed, after an awkward effort to carry Yorke away with him. That gentleman expected an invitation to dinner and to sleep. From childhood upwards, the parents of beauty had competed for his society, and such an honoured practice could not be broken in Nicaragua. Yorke stayed to dinner and accepted a bed. Two peons fetched his servants and baggage, an errand rewarded with five dollars "strong" apiece. Long before their return he had fascinated the good captain and his little daughter; the shrewd housewife yielded her arms before that lordly extravagance.

Next day Miguele came, very sad and dull, to say good-bye. He found Yorke established as *fil de la maison*, familiar

with all in it, even the dogs and the Indians. Miguele asked for a word with his friend alone, and when that was lightly refused, he seemed to have something he would impart to Captain von Kampf. But his heart failed, and he withdrew, to convey his ragged recruits to Granada.

Yorke stayed a fortnight—one happy dream to Anita. Her parents trusted her, and she spent nearly all day with their guest. He, a man experienced beyond most others even of his sort, found himself harmless before this girl's purity. He could not discover the stain to enlarge, the weak spot where his batteries might make a breach. Anita did not guess his thoughts. She was perfectly happy, suspecting nothing, asking nothing. As deep in love as he could ever be with an innocent girl, Yorke was cool enough to see that this condition of things might go on for months, if not for ever. He could not make his intentions understood, nor take a step towards realising them. Absence has great virtue in maturing a girlish intelligence, and he tried it. Suddenly leaving for Granada, he stayed a month away. In the meanwhile, however, Anita had not been pining, wondering, or reflecting at all. Assured of her hero's return, she spent the hours in thinking of his perfections, the guileless pleasures they had enjoyed, and those to come. Yorke could really spare no further time in Nicaragua, and he savagely admitted that the recent exile had done him no profit. In his disappointment he announced the truth, and on the evening of his return declared that he must leave by the next Pacific steamer. Anita fixed her large eyes on him with the wistful look of a tortured animal. In his light-hearted way, Yorke sustained a monologue for some moments after, and went to bed.

Von Kampf saw the mischief done, but he saw also that there was no remedy. His wife, however, pressed it on him to demand an explanation, and next day, with some pathetic awkwardness, he approached the subject. Yorke was astonished. He could not flatter himself, he could not have ventured to hope, that Miss Anita would feel his absence after knowing him so short a time, &c., &c. With the most graceful and gentlemanly impertinence the poor captain was routed, and Yorke proceeded to pack up. He was going by canoe to San Carlos, there to take the steamer; and he ordered his servants to pick him up at a point they

were acquainted with in the woods. Whilst this news was spreading through the house, Yorke wrote an elegant adieu to Madame von Kampf, patted the dogs, tipped the Indians, stroked the macaws and monkeys, and strolled towards the spot appointed, cigar in mouth. Half way he saw a girlish figure in the path, and his heart leapt. In no simulated passion Yorke ran up. "How good you are, dear Anita!" he cried. "You would not let me go without a word after all!"

"I could not!" she sobbed. "Oh, why do you leave us?"

"I told your father because duty calls me, but to you I tell the truth. I love you, Anita, and I cannot marry you. That is why I go."

"We can love without marrying."

"I want you to myself, all mine, to carry with me, to have always by my side."

"I am yours," she said simply. Yorke knew her better than to misunderstand, but in deceiving himself he hoped to bewilder her. With nothing now to lose, he kissed her hungrily, murmuring words of love, and hurrying her along the path. But Anita's instincts were roused. She held back, red and trembling. "Where would you take me, senor? Let us return." For an instant Yorke thought of carrying her by force, but the difficulties and dangers were too great. With his cheek pressed against hers, he tempted the girl in hot whispers to leave home and honour for love. Anita understood at length—forced herself from his embrace—gave her discovered hero one sad, wild look, and went sobbing down the path. So sweet, so beautiful she was in her despair, that Yorke hesitated for a moment. Noble feelings rose to war with prudence and habit. But trees hid the girl from view, and the struggle ceased.

Months passed into years. Life at the hacienda followed its old round, but Anita no more felt the weariness. A sad heart within answered to the dull monotony without. Since the fairest being of the world she had regretted was treacherous and cruel, better to live alone, beyond wickedness and deceit. And peace came to her at length, when Yorke, supine with fever, weak and timorous, was thinking of his many sins and follies. Anita had never been forgotten. The love he had insulted and cast from him dwelt, like the prayers of childhood, deep in his laden heart. When he arose he took leave of absence, crossed the ocean and the moun-

tains, landed in the forest whence he had embarked five years ago. He hurried by the path well remembered, marking this spot and that, and reached the garden edge. Then, unseen himself, he beheld there, older, but scarcely changed, Captain von Kampf, his wife, Anita, and Don Miguele. No need to ask the relation of these two. Yorke knew the same despair which had filled Anita's heart, as he also turned and went away, without a glance behind.

Donna Anita Arroya y von Kampf is a happy wife; Colonel Yorke is a fast young man of forty preparing himself a disreputable age.

SWEETBRIAR.

How fragrant is the summer dusk
With breath of mignonette and musk,

How dear this hour of rest,
When waning twilight fills with gloom
The shadowy corners of the room
Outlooking to the west.

The blue-eyed prattlers who have played
All day in sunshine and in shade

Among the garden bowers,
Have said good-night—I look around
For scattered toys, and on the ground
I see their faded flowers.

Poor blossoms, plucked with childish haste,
Your summer sweetness ran to waste

In heat of childish play;
A half-blown rose of crimson hue,
Forget-me-nots of heavenly blue,
A tuft of rosy may:

A branch of sweetbriar— Ah, my heart!
The tender tears unbidden start
To weary, world-worn eyes;
I kiss the faded, fragrant spray,
And memories of a bygone day
Before my vision rise.

How often my lost darling wore
The sweetbriar green! She loved it more
Than many-tinted bloom;
It often graced her maiden breast,
Now, planted where she lies at rest,
It beautifies her tomb.

My little love in days of old!
Youth's morning-hour of rose and gold
Comes back to me to-night;
I see her in her girlish grace,
The sunny sweetness of her face,
Her childish robe of white.

I smell the sweetbriar in her hand,
I see the garden where we stand
On England's southern shore,
I hear the rippling streamlet fall,
I hear her laughter musical,
Now silenced evermore.

She was too frail for earth's employ,
Too calm and pure for human joy,
But like the sweetbriar green,
The memory of her gentle life
Makes sweet the years of worldly strife
That lie our lives between.

Thy life and mine, my little love,
My life below, thy life above,
God's love shall re-unite:
I kiss the children's faded spray.
My sweetbriar graceth, far away,
The land of pure delight!

AN EAST END PARISH.

THE East End of London is a world in itself. Between the east and the west is the mighty barrier of the City, which, practically, has the effect of separating the two wings of the east and west. I have known people who have set out from the west to the east as if for a terra incognita. One very useful and zealous member of Parliament, at least, has taken lodgings there for weeks in order that he may explore the country. There are multitudes who know nothing of that uttermost east which lies beyond the east of the City proper. It is not affectation for people to speak of their ignorance of the east of London. Of course we all have an idea of it, and, directly or indirectly, we all have business relations with it. But so far as "society" goes, taking society in the limited sense of a cultivated and leisurely class, there is barely anything that can be called by the name. A single street in the west end of London would probably contain as many persons of such a class as the whole of the east of London. Of recent years those of a better class who have lingered last and longest in the east have now betaken themselves to the West End. There are nevertheless great compensations, of a somewhat peculiar kind, which may even make up for some of the social differences of the neighbourhood. Let me say at once that if the fashionable reader supposes that there is anything miserable and abnormal in the appearance of East End parishes, to the outward eye, at least, he will be mistaken. There are wide, clean streets; there are the regular cab-stand and the most modern facilities of tram and railway, the churches are magnificent, and the laden air is often musical with chimes. There is a general air, perhaps a little deceptive, of cheapness and plenty. There are many points, indeed, in which the east contrasts very favourably with the west. There is much greater spaciousness in the east. The West End is much more crowded. The artisan in a West End parish will pay as much as five or six shillings a week for a room, when in some parts of the East End an artisan can obtain a whole house of four rooms, with a commodious yard, for the same sum. There is far less drunkenness in the east than in the west. There is not so much money or so much temptation. I have often passed at night through the wide silent streets, without hearing a single riotous cry, or meeting a single disorderly

person. Then the East End is not at all unhealthy. "As the wind is frequently in the east we send our smoke west, and see the sun through a thinner cloud of blacks than if we lived in some fashionable street where the sky is yellow from the fumes." Then I need hardly say that for a large part of the East End the river is a vast source of mystery and attraction, with all its shows and all its suggestions. I should remind the reader that beyond the East End proper there is that region—with which I am not dealing now—of "Londoners over the Border," the peculiar condition and wants of which were first generally made known to the public, with the result of much practical good, through the pages of this periodical.

My own knowledge of the East End is of a somewhat peculiar kind. It is the knowledge, such as it is, of a specialist. I have had friends whom I had known at Oxford or in the west end of town, who one time or another have taken up their residences, some of them for many long years together, in the remotest east. In the case of some of them I have hardly ever ceased to wonder how they could accommodate themselves to the East End, for they were men who were intimate with every form of luxury and refinement. They had been boating-men, poets, artists, travellers, scholars, clubmen; and the destiny of each man had led him, curiously enough, to one position or another among the million of Londoners that make up the East End. And we, their old comrades, could only wonder and admire. It so happened that each of these good fellows gave me an invitation to see or stay with him. At first I took little or no notice of such invitations. I did not want to wound their feelings by taking any notice of their altered circumstances. Eventually, however, I gladly availed myself of every one of the invitations, and I now pretty regularly spend some time every year in the East End. I find with gratitude that their quarters are most enjoyable. Their rectories are as spacious as any in the West End; as full of books, and pictures, and music, and pleasant companionship and cheerful talk. Only, it must be owned, that houses such as theirs are rare in this vicinity, and not enough to make up a self-sufficing society. Perhaps they may know some government officials at such places as the Mint or the Tower, a few of the neighbouring clergy, and other professional men. Every now and then their old friends

come and "hunt them up." We discuss fully the old times and the new. We little anticipated that our lines would lead us into the east of London, but, being there, we endeavour to understand it, and to make the most and the best of things.

Now, in speaking of an East End parish, I am principally dealing with the parish with which I am best acquainted, but I shall borrow some touches from some other parishes, and shall specify one or two of them by name. My friend with whom I generally stay while in the east has a noble vicarage. Set down in a fashionable neighbourhood, it would command a noble rental. It was one of the first parsonages built by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and was done on a scale of ambition which they have subsequently abridged. The fine church and the large schools are close at hand. Altogether they constitute a noble group of buildings, which would command attention in any locality. Before the parish church was built, the site was a piece of waste land into which all the rubbish of the parish was shot. There is no want of churches in the East End of London. In fact, I have a notion that the amount of church accommodation is even in excess of the wants of the church-going population. I walk about the parish—it does not take so very long to do it—in order to ascertain the main points of its topography. The streets are full of houses of a very moderate elevation, but with an infinite amount of monotony about them. Apparently they are inhabited by a very respectable and well-to-do class. But, unhappily, each house is let off into several distinct tenements. The vicarage is the only house of its class in the whole parish. It is the only house where there are two or three servants. To about fifteen other houses there might be a single servant; then the whole servant population is accounted for. But these poor people give out of their poverty much more than the rich do out of their abundance.

That vicarage is in itself quite a study. The doors may almost be said to stand open night and day. In its way, it is a sort of business office. It is a sort of Cave of Adullam, to which all those who are perplexed and distressed come as to a refuge. The only times in which the vicar can keep up the old Oxford tastes and pursuits are in the small hours of the morning. The houses of the clergy in big parishes are sometimes almost in a state of siege. I have known servant-girls worn into actual consumption

by having to answer the bell all day. The constant running up and down stairs, and the perpetual draughts, are too much for them. Between the church bell and the door-bell the tinkling is going on all day. All those who are ill in mind, body, or estate, are looking for advice, for money, or for letters of recommendation. Then there are all kinds of classes—for boys, for girls, for grown-up men and women—Bible-women, city missionaries, to be talked to; choir-master and choir to be attended to. To use the old expression, there are many coming and going, and leisure not even to eat is literally verified. At least, the vicar has often very long to wait for his dinner, and when he contrives to feed, he is often exercising the gift of hospitality to all comers. According to him, all his poor parishioners are the most capital people in the world.

Our friends of this parish will not allow anything to be said in derogation of the East End. The poverty is cheerfully admitted, and some credit and applause is even demanded for that stern mother of virtues. We are told triumphantly of the glades and waters of the Victoria Park. We are reminded of the art in the Bethnal Green Museum, and we accordingly go to see them, and do not fail to be suitably impressed. Then there is the London Hospital, which, though not by any means the richest, is nevertheless the largest of all the London hospitals, not to mention the German Hospital at Dalston; and Germans and also Jews are thick in the East End. A recently elected M.P. did himself great good by being able to address German electors in their own language. Then there is the Columbia Market House, the stately edifice of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, which has already gone through so many vicissitudes, not to mention a Children's Hospital, drinking fountains, &c., a canal, and so on. We listen with the deepest interest, and check off each item with a note of admiration. We sympathise with the courage and hopefulness, but when all is told there is little that rises beyond the dead level of monotonous labour. I find it difficult to lash myself into a state of enthusiasm about the localities. The late Mr. E. Denison, M.P., came and lived eight months in the East End. He found the loss of time in travelling from west to east more than he could afford, and the following is the language which he uses: "What is so bad, is the habit and condition of this mass of humanity; its uniform mean level; the absence of anything more civilising than

a grinding organ to raise the ideas beyond the daily bread and beer." I think that if Mr. Denison had enjoyed the same opportunities which have fallen to my lot, he might have taken a more cheerful view of things. He hardly did justice to the ameliorating influences which might be at work in such a district. My friend the vicar every now and then gives what he calls a parish party. A great many of these parties would not fail considerably to enliven the East End. Everything that can make a West End party attractive is carefully provided at the parish party; the programme has been carefully arranged. In the first place there is a real tea, no make-believe or half-tasting out of thin costly cups, as in Mayfair and Belgravia. The main difference between East and West consists in the magnitude and the seriousness of the tea drinking. The cups are often enough breakfast-cups, and I am almost afraid to say how often they are replenished. I am a thirsty being myself, and I can sympathise with my thirsty fellow-creatures. Then all the refreshments have a certain character of solidity as befits the brightest meal of the day. The party is held in the large schoolroom. The floor is prettily carpeted. The walls are decorated with pictures and banners. The tables are covered with prints and photographs. There is a grand piano which faithfully promises some fine music. There is a kind of platform from which we shall have songs, speeches, and recitations. Friends have come from the West End to sing to us and amuse us. I do not think that we have any fine jewellery or splendid dresses; but there are fine eyes, faces the pictures of happiness, and all the attire is exceedingly neat and unaffectedly pretty. Look at the young men and young women. How hard and for what prolonged hours they work! The young men are clerks in offices; the girls are assistants in shops; many of them are immersed in hopeless household cares. How the dull ways of life are brightened and refreshed by such an evening as this! There are really fine ladies from the West End, and the vicar has his following of gentleman friends. All meet together on terms of perfect equality. Acquaintances are made and friendships consolidated. The influences of refinement and sweet civility are everywhere apparent. It is quite clear that the social influence in bringing neighbouring people together, under such pleasant conditions especially, is very healing and healthy in itself. The

workday gear is all put aside; all homely and heavenly influences are at work, to the infinite strength and contentment of the heavily tried parishioners. We are not at all surprised to find first one happy marriage, and then another, happening among the young people. Under such auspices the East Enders develop unexpected capacities for conversation, social enjoyment, and social organisation.

We may look a little more in detail at the organisation of these parishes. We do not speak of the church services and classes, although these are very numerous and carefully adjusted to the needs of a crowded population. The parish itself consists of about seven thousand people, mainly of that class of respectable poor known as small clerks, tradesmen's assistants, machine-workers, and artisans, with a lower population (about two thousand) of the very poorest. In the whole parish there are not more than two persons known to the clergy (and these not rich) able to contribute a pound to any parochial object. In one long dismal lane it was calculated that not half-a-dozen families ever saw beyond the walls of any church or chapel. In fact, the East End clergy for the most part say very frankly that the people do not care very much for the churches and chapels. The idea of physical rest is the basis of their Sunday. They are too tired to put themselves into clean clothes, even on the favourable hypothesis that they have clean clothes to get into. To meet such cases there is the institution of the mission church, which often trains people for the parish church. The mission church is utilised in various ways—for night schools, for instance, mothers' meetings, temperance meetings, &c. The so-called mothers' meeting is comparatively a new institution; it has not been in existence many years, and it has spread with marvellous rapidity throughout the country. The mothers meet in some convenient place to sew; various ladies read to them or converse; twopence in the shilling is allowed them towards the purchase of materials, and they pay the money as may prove most convenient to themselves. The other day I went to such a meeting. Most of the mothers vindicated their claim to the title by having children on their knees or playing about on the floor. One of the ladies had been amusing them by reading aloud *Great Expectations*. The clergyman drops in occasionally for a chat or for one of the briefest of sermonettes. Profiting by the idea an old clergyman in the suburbs

has opened what he calls a fathers' meeting. He and his conscript fathers get on very cheerfully together. They have beer and tobacco, talk about politics and things in general, and conclude with something religiously good. Besides a mission church there is a mission house; in the mission house there is a residence for school-mistress and for mission women; night schools are held here, and during the winter the soup kitchen is open several times a week.

In some respects this parish has been exceptionally well-off, for the vicar has been enabled to raise some four thousand pounds towards his building and various good works. He is a man of considerable literary reputation, and is often made welcome to preach in West End churches on behalf of his East End congregation. The sums so raised often amount to highly-respectable figures. He has been able to get some five thousand pounds for the good of his people. Then that instrument of social torture, the bazaar, is put into active requisition. There is often a great deal of humbug about bazaars. Fine ladies have the honour and glory of holding stalls, whereas it frequently happens that they merely order in on speculation an immense variety of articles from the tradespeople, to which they affix extravagant prices, and the difference between the buying and the selling price goes to the institution. Now I must say on behalf of the East End bazaar that it is eminently honest; the articles represent an immense amount of hard work, performed by a very large number of willing workers. After the sales of work the great thing necessary is to get rid of the residuum. This point is very skilfully achieved. A *conversazione* is held; there is plenty of tea, music, and conversation, and then something takes place which, to say the truth, is suspiciously like a lottery. It is, however, relieved from being in that category by several circumstances. The sale tickets are sold for a shilling apiece, and each article is determined by the drawing of numbered tickets. But there is an article of some sort or other corresponding to each ticket, in the case of prizes to the extent of tenfold, thirtyfold, and sixtyfold value, and as a whole the value of the articles greatly exceeds the value of all the tickets. One additional reason for the plan is stated by the vicar, "because there will be a great deal of amusement at the oddity and incongruity in many cases of the distribution of the various articles."

Of course our parish has its reading-room, its provident club, its church association. The schoolrooms are so large and good that no room has been found for the operations of the London School Board, which is of course a great saving to the ratepayers. There are seven hundred children, with a large staff of teachers, and the clergy themselves teach five times a week. Then of course the school children have their regular outing, when they go to the neighbouring forests of Epping and Hainault. They go forth in the covered vans, with abundant flags and greenery. And what hours of delicious happiness these are when the poor East End children see the unfamiliar green fields and the leafage, and listen to the songs of birds! For the selected children of the school, conspicuous for their merits, and for the choir, there are still further reaches of travel to be obtained. Perhaps they are taken to Westminster Abbey or the Tower; perhaps they go as far as Richmond, Twickenham, and Teddington to enjoy the pleasures of woodland, meadow, and river. Or they go further still to the lordly towers of Windsor and the Playing Fields of Eton. One very pleasing feature in our East End parish is the immense amount of sympathy and co-operation which is frequently given by the West End to the East End. For instance, a fashionable West End congregation supplies the whole of the funds for the maintenance of a curate in this East End parish. Then Mr. Henry Leslie has several times brought down his choir to sing for a charitable object at Hackney, which is a kind of metropolis for the East End. Moreover, there is a large floating body, good Christians or worthy abstract philanthropists, who look upon the East End as a kind of moral Sahara. Some of these are a little peculiar in their views—"viewiness" being a great characteristic of such people; but there is a broad spirit of Christian charity at the root of such efforts. Anyhow, the wandering Christians come out sometimes in a very effective way.

Mr. J. R. Green, the well-known historian, had a parish in the East End, and has given some very pleasant experiences. We have a very striking account of a lady who went to a low alley in the East End. She entered the little mission-room with a huge basket filled, not with groceries or petticoats, but with roses. There was hardly one pale face among the women bending over their sewing that did not

flush with delight as she distributed her gifts. Soon, as the news spread down the alley, rougher faces peered in at window and door, and great "navvies" and dock-labourers put out their hard fists for a rose, but with the shyness and delight of school-boys. "She was a real lady," was the unanimous verdict of the alley.

One of the most remarkable of such visitants was Mr. Edward Denison, to whom allusion has been made, for some time member for Newark, the son of a bishop, and the nephew of Lord Ossington, Speaker for so many years of the House of Commons. This Mr. Denison appears in every way to have been an astute observer and an admirable man. The letters which he wrote to his friends from Phillpott Street, E., are much deserving of study by all those who desire to improve the hopes and condition of the poor. Though he was elected member for Newark, parliamentary life was little to his tastes. His own tastes lay in the study of the facts of Nature and of society, Nature and human nature. He seems to have thought that the day had gone by when the highest kind of work was to be done in the Houses of Parliament. "If I were perfectly free and independent," he wrote, "what I should really like to do would be to buy one thousand acres or so in Tasmania, farm as much of it as I needed to keep me in food and clothes, and see if I could not by degrees nurse up a stream of English labourers to come and settle round me." He worked away steadily in the East. "I have come to this," he wrote, "that a walk along Piccadilly is a most exhilarating and delightful treat. I don't enjoy it above once in ten days, but therefore with a double zest." His whole heart was with the poor. "What a monstrous thing it is," he exclaimed, "that in the richest country in the world large masses of the population should be condemned annually to starvation and death." Denison thus summed up his programme for the East End. "Build school-houses, pay teachers, give prizes, frame workmen's clubs, help them to help themselves, lend them your brains, but give them no money, except what you sink in such undertakings as above." He set to work strenuously himself. He looked up the sick, and hunted up the nuisances, got hold of the sanitary inspector, and made the workhouse people attend to the proper cases. He found out the very worst court in the parish wherein to carry on his work. The very presence of an honest high-minded gentleman in their

midst proved of the highest service. He turned a Sunday-school into a day-school, and also filled a large room with poor dirty children, who were unable to pay any fees. He got a class of some thirty working-men together on a Wednesday evening, and believing that the poor might understand hard reasoning, although they did not understand hard words, he addressed to them religious reasonings that might be fit for the most cultivated audiences. He also used to teach in a night-school. Mr. Green, who was then the pastor of the East End parish in which he worked, says: "Stern as were his theories, there is hardly a poor home within his district that has not some memory left of the love and tenderness of his personal charity. I hardly like to tell how often I have seen the face of the sick and dying brighten as he drew near, or how the little children, as they flocked out of school, would run to him shouting his name for very glee."

One of the rectors, the Rev. Harry Jones, rector of St. George-in-the-East, has published a very interesting account of his parish in his book, *East and West London*. He speaks of the strong points of interest that belong to his parish. The Commercial Road reveals the forest of masts that indicate how the East End is bound up with the commerce of the world; the Mile End Road dies away into the fair country side, and Epping Forest, now restored to its time-honoured use by the people. Mr. Jones says: "I have never seen a coachman in a wig, or a footman in powder. I have never met a lady on horseback or in a victoria, and though we go much about on foot, such a luxury as a crossing-sweeper is unknown. I tax my memory, but I do not recollect ever to have seen a 'Punch' at St. George's. The strain of work and sentiment of toil is continuous." That same church has a sonorous clock and a fine peal of bells. It is one of the few churches where the curfew is regularly tolled, and as it tolls for a quarter of an hour, it serves as a signal in many workshops for stopping work and turning off the gas. Mr. Jones states that his parish is particularly famous for sugar and wild beasts. The sugar-refining trade, which was once a great staple industry, is now in a state of severe depression, owing to the action of the French Government in encouraging by a bonus the exportation of home-made sugar. Mr. Jamrach's famous establishment of wild beasts is in the parish of St. George. This has been often

described, but new features of interest constantly emerge. The humorous and good-humoured rector tells us that he supposes that he is the only domesticated parson who can ring his bell and send his servant round the corner to buy a lion. If Mr. Jamrach happened to be out of lions, he might make sure of getting some wild beast or other. He reports that one of his curates dropped in at Jamrach's, and came back saying that the stock was low, only four young elephants and a cameleopard, besides the usual supply of monkeys and parrots. Jamrach has always more orders than he can execute. He has customers all over Europe, and the Sultan of Turkey has been one of his largest buyers. The selling value of wild beasts varies very much. You must pay about two hundred pounds for a royal tiger, and three hundred pounds for an elephant; while, I am informed, you may possibly buy a lion for seventy pounds, and a lioness for less. But a first-rate lion sometimes runs to a high figure, say even three hundred pounds. Ourang-outangs come to twenty pounds each, but Barbary apes range from three to four pounds apiece. Mr. Jamrach, however, keeps no priced catalogue of animals, but will supply a written list of their cost if needed. He does not, moreover, "advertise" so much as royally "announce" his animals. Certain papers in London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna occasionally contain a bare statement that such and such beasts and birds are at "Jamrach's," no address being given.

Mr. Jones has some further interesting talk about the special industries of his parish. The London and St. Katharine's Docks are situated in his parish. There is a single cellar which contains six acres of port, sherry, and Madeira, not to mention various others nearly but not quite so immense. One vault has twenty-one miles of alleys of iron rails along which the casks are rolled. The docks abound with rats, and an army of three hundred cats is employed to keep them down. Various of his parishioners are professional rat-catchers. A sovereign is the usual price for clearing a ship of rats. The dock labourers anxiously watch the winds, on which depends the arrival of the ships, by the unlading of which they live. The smell of some of the East End warehouses crammed with aromatic spices is simply delicious. There are many industries peculiar to the east of London. There is one firm which has the largest distillery of

gas-tar in the world, covering seventeen acres, and which does the creosoting of railway-sleepers, turning out some thirty thousand a week. The match trade is a most important industry. It will be remembered how the poor matchmakers went in procession to the Houses of Parliament to protest against Mr. Lowe's idea of extracting profit from light—e luce lucellum. The east of London is one of the great marts of industry for the jute trade. There is a vigorous trade maintained in the item of carrier-pigeons. It is also a famous place for the manufacture of fireworks. Mr. Jones indignantly denies that his parishioners are pauperised hangers-on to the metropolis. He claims that the East End is a manufacturing city in itself, though its proximity to the colossal centre of commerce known as the City of London has so dwarfed it that people in general have very erroneous ideas of its industrial importance. A mass of testimony goes to exhibit the east of London as one of the greatest districts of industry in the land, not as dependent on the rest of the metropolis, but as sharing with it the honour of being the greatest centre of work and commerce in the world.

I have marked many interesting cases which I have noted in my observations in eastern parishes. One of my East End vicars took me over his mission-house, which was really extraordinary for the variety of uses to which he put it. For four nights in the week it is opened as a working-man's club. There is a smoking-room, but the institution has not sufficient strength of mind to stand beer. There are tea, coffee, and cocoa to any extent. The institution appeared to be pretty equally shared between the purposes of reading and feeding. Sometimes a hundred working-men will come together for a meat tea, paying a shilling a head, and bringing wives and sweethearts with them. There is plenty of music. Sometimes the vicar and curates will each give a song and the guests will join in the chorus. Sometimes three hundred people will sit down to a tea-fight. Many thousand dinners are given in the course of the year under the name of invalids' dinners. The dinner is a substantial plain meal: meat, vegetables, bread, and beer. Each dinner-ticket costs twopence, the rest being made up by voluntary subscriptions. Old people rank as invalids, and on one day of the week children are allowed to dine. Of course there are

mothers' meetings here. There is a clothing club and a lending club, and the ladies make clothing which may be bought at a reduced rate by the poor. The mission house is often a busy hive, filled throughout. On the ground floor the men are reading newspapers or attending to bagatelle, or some other games; upstairs the clergyman has his bible-class or the ladies have their sewing parties; and in the rear the master and matron of the institution are looking after the material wants of the people.

There are many other phases of East End life which we might discuss. There are the Spitalfields weavers. There are the labourers in the docks. There are the toilers of the river, the mudlarks, of whom descriptive writers have told us so much. My own acquaintance has been not with the lowest and most picturesque stratum of the east, but with the steady, toiling, unromantic and respectable classes. Of course it might be possible to draw a very different picture of life in the East End—pictures of profligacy, crime, discord, and misery. These undoubtedly exist, and ought not to be omitted or slurred over. Mr. Jones in his interesting book describes the court in which, in *Edwin Drood*, Jasper used to take his opium-smoke: "This was the place. The old crone who received him, well known as 'Lascar Sal,' lived, or lived till quite lately, in a court just beyond the end of our churchyard. And I know the 'John Chinaman,' of whom she was jealous as a rival in her deadly trade. He had a ground floor in the same court, and a friend of mine who came to prowl about St. George's-in-the-East, could not complete his experience without going in to have a few whiffs at the opium-pipe in his den." Mr. Denison describes his experiences in Petticoat Lane and Rag Fair: "You never saw such places; humanity swarms there in such quantity, of such a quality, and in such streets, that I can only liken it to the trembling mass of maggots in a lump of carrion." But the novelist, the clergyman, and the Member of Parliament would withal allow that, while what is abnormal and exaggerated yields the readiest and most picturesque material for the writer, yet perhaps deeper and more intense interest belongs to the "simple annals of the poor," their constant struggle for existence, and the means that are taken to relieve the monotony of their dark lot, and to gild it with the halo of a better hope hereafter.

SET IN A SILVER SEA.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER XXVIII. HAROLD SEES FACES IN THE SMOKE OF HIS CIGAR.

"YOUR pardon, gentlemen."

It was the captain of the vessel who broke in upon their conversation.

"What have you to say, captain?"

"I await your orders; I can get safe anchorage here. Is our voyage at an end?"

"For the present. Yonder lies the Silver Isle—a fair land."

"It seems so; but I have seen as fair, at a distance, that turned out foul upon a nearer acquaintance."

"This will not. Let go your anchor; to-morrow morning I shall want a boat to convey one of my servants ashore with a letter to the islanders. There is nothing to fear from them; the people are not cannibals."

"Maybe not; but you tell me they have no king."

"The greater fortune," said Harold, "for the king they have not. Having no king, they cannot hunt one to death."

"Our king lives, and is safe."

"In banishment," said Mauvain, gloomily, "as we are. Better to have died, sword in hand. Captain, it is likely you will have to put up with us a day or two longer."

"The later we part company, the better I shall be pleased."

Mauvain, with a nod, dismissed the captain, and turned to Harold.

"I am almost at a loss what to say to the islanders, and to whom to address my missive."

"The letter you gave me on my visit to the isle was addressed to one Sebastian. A stately man, whose white hair flowed over his shoulders. By this time, doubtless, gathered to his forefathers. I can suggest a younger man."

"Name him."

"Ranf the hunchback."

Mauvain frowned. "There lies an obstacle."

Harold laughed blithely. "My very thought, Mauvain. If my memory does not deceive me, you begged the islanders to accept the hunchback as a trust in kindly remembrance of yourself. Doubtless they appreciated your generosity in having sent them such a Caliban."

"And something worse," said Mauvain, "added to his hunchship."

"There could be nothing worse in human form."

"There is no saying. He had a daughter, remember, of whom you gave me a frightful description. If she has fulfilled the promise of her youth, we may find not only a Caliban, but a younger Sycorax on the Silver Isle. Would you believe, Harold, that this man once told me a woman loved him? It is inconceivable, and yet I must do the hunchback the justice to say that I believe him not to be guilty of falsehood. You are silent, Harold. Are you thinking of the hunchback's daughter, and dreading her spells? For by this time, if she live (it may mercifully have happened that they are both removed from mortal spheres) she is a mistress of all that is foul in nature. I can see her already, with bent back, searching the woods for poisonous herbs for purposes of witchcraft. The account you gave me of your voyage hither in such company is very vivid in my mind: all his hideousness reproduced in her, a very monkey in mischief, body as twisted, hair unkempt, limbs crooked——"

"Hold!" cried Harold. "Be a little merciful. There are fair sins as ill-begotten."

"Make me," continued Mauvain, appearing to take pleasure in the subject, "a group in stone of this interesting couple. Do you remember my suggesting it to you? And look forward with a prophet's eye, I said, and cut the figures as they will be in twenty years. You performed the task well; you have the soul of an artist, Harold, and when you are interested in a work, excellence is the result. You modelled Ranf to the life, an old man whose likeness lives only in the being we know, and projecting your mind into the future, you created in stone the figure of a woman so startling in its weird ugliness that it would have made the fortune of a sculptor had the critics dealt with it. Ranf and this hideous Evangeline side by side, stooping over a pool of water. There is no mistaking that the repulsive pair are father and daughter. It was a trick, Harold, but most truly original, that you should have hewn out of the marble over which these creatures are bending, a great hollow, with a floor of glass, so that, being filled with clear water, the reflection of the two faces is plainly seen. This marvellously original Evangeline shall be set up in the grounds of my house on the Silver Isle——"

"Impossible!" interrupted Harold. "The

iconoclasts of our unhappy country have by this time criticised it with their hammers."

"It happens otherwise, fortunately. Foreseeing what was coming, and thinking it not unlikely that we should have to fly the country, I had certain household treasures packed up and conveyed to the seaside. They are in the hold of this vessel at the present moment, and your Ranf and Evangeline among them. I shall have an opportunity, if the interesting couple are alive, of comparing living flesh with dumb stone, and of proving what kind of a prophet you were when you designed the group."

"It is scarcely worth while," said Harold, with a slight tremor in his voice, "to inflict humiliation upon me."

"Humiliation, Harold! Explain."

"It is not pleasant to look, in our ripe age, upon the mistakes of our earlier years. My life—in other respects, as well as in that of an artist—has been a failure. I am painfully conscious of this lamentable conclusion. The group you speak of may be classed among youth's extravagances, which serve their purpose for the time (not in the healthiest way), and then are best forgotten."

"You underrate yourself, Harold. Had you possessed industry and application——"

"Two words, Mauvain, not to be found in my vocabulary."

"Nor in mine; but I did not need them. Had you possessed these qualities, you would have shone in the world with even a brighter light than you have shone in private circles. For it has been said of you frequently that you are an artist of a divine mould, and that you belong, of your own force and power, to the race of those who have made art a religion. You have in you the true fire, and the world would have hailed you as a prophet inspired. Your indolence stopped the way of your advancement. The world has lost a leader; your friends have been the gainers."

"You are generous in your praise; give me a further exhibition of your generosity."

"I can deny you nothing, Harold."

"I thank you. You will, then, present me with the group of Ranf and Evangeline, which, indeed and in truth, is a reproach to the art I worship. Let me be judged by what I believe is worthy of me, not by what I know will tend to lower me,"

"If art workers were their own critics, they would condemn their most perfect productions. You would destroy your child."

"It is a crime, and I do not care to be perpetually reminded of it."

"Pardon the seeming indelicacy of the remark; I paid you for the group, Harold."

The sculptor winced, as though a lash had been laid across his shoulders. "You paid me liberally, Mauvain."

"It is mine, therefore, and I am its owner, judge, and critic. You have a perverse sensitiveness. You have done nothing as fine as this. No, Harold, I cannot give it you."

"Sell it to me, then," said Harold, with earnestness.

"I am not," said Mauvain, somewhat haughtily, and yet with a touch of amusement in his tone, "a dealer in curiosities. I cannot sell the group. Dismiss the subject. Come with me to the saloon, and assist me in my letter to the islanders."

The ship lay at anchor that night. The sailors sang their sea-songs, the rough melodies of which became softened as they floated over the waters. With the moonlight on it, the isle looked like a fairy isle; the soft waves lapped the shore, along which sauntered here and there a couple in their springtime. The future was theirs, and their hearts were light; no shadows rested on their lives. Harold remained upon the deck, gazing on the isle, and thinking of the past. His thoughts travelled in these grooves:

"Could we but tear some leaves out of the book! Or, better still, could we destroy the book itself! Turn over the pages, Harold. What do you see?"

"Wasted days and nights; mis-spent endeavour; masses of violent colour; harmony robbed of sweetness; beauty out of proportion, such as weak-brained æsthetics love to draw; tangles of artificial flowers; painted women; men with the souls of waiters; false protestations.

"What a jumble of discordances! Struggling one with another, not for the purpose of arriving at some sort of order and decency, but for the purpose of asserting an enjoyment of the hours which becomes pain when the touchstone of true manliness is applied to it. Even at the time its worst pages were written, some glimmering of this entered my mind.

"A witch's revel. The beauties of nature distorted and insulted, and mud flung upon purity. Miracles on every side. Spring's tenderness; summer's perfectness; autumn's peacefulness; winter's white loveliness;—all mocked, derided, belittled (if

Nature can be) by false refinement or coarse indulgence.

"A creditable production, such a book, for a mortal endowed with reason, imagination, and an indolent affectation of ideality. If this life were all, it would but be adding wasted time to wasted time to occupy the moments in regret and self-reproach. In such a belief, every hour should be made to yield its measure of enjoyment; it would be an intellectual exercise of opportunity to exact this tribute from time which flies or lags according to our humour. But it is not all; we are something higher than beasts of the field.

"Herein lies the appalling shadow. The phantom of your higher self rises before you, and with sad eyes demands an account.

"I render it. Not mine, all the fault. My boat has drifted on, and I have not striven to direct its course. I am wrong; there was a time when a spirit on the shore seemed to say: 'There is in life an earnest, lovely field before you; there is in life a sweeter hope, in whose light your higher aspirations shall be realised; love shall give you earnestness and courage.' But the voice I seemed to hear was of my own creation. The spirit stood before me, but its tongue was mute; its heart never responded to mine.

"So much for the past. Let it go. Retain only what is pure and sweet. The future still is yours.

"How many years ago is it since I visited this fairy isle? I have kept no count of time. The memory of the few hours I spent upon its shores lingers with me like a pleasant dream. The child I brought hither, in strange uncongenial society, is a woman now, fair and beautiful. There is no doubt of it. 'Princess of the Silver Isle, I kiss your fairy fingers.' My very words come back to me. She gave me her hand, with nature's true grace, and so I left her.

"Were I a painter, I would draw the picture. The child, the hunchback, and I. The islanders standing a little apart, the reapers looking on. All the accessories perfect. But without being a painter, I can draw Evangeline's likeness. No Sycorax, Mauvain. The loveliest Miranda. If I had such a spirit-slave as Ariel to show me this Miranda in her living form!

"Dreams, Harold! will you never be practical? I answer myself. I think—never."

As Harold gazed and mused, the night

deepened, and the lovers left the sea-shore for the inland.

At midnight Mauvain came on deck, smoking a cigar, and walked to where Harold was lying on his side, with the moonlight streaming on him.

"Asleep, Harold?"

The sculptor did not reply; he had fallen asleep, with tender fancies in his mind. His position was a dangerous one; his form swayed to and fro with the rocking of the ship in the swell of the waves, and a sudden lurch would have sent him into the sea. Mauvain stooped over him and awoke him. Harold opened his eyes languidly.

"Cruel to wake me," he murmured. "I was dreaming of another world."

"You might have been in it," said Mauvain, "but for me. A deeper swelling of a chance wave, and you would have glided into the sea."

"And so through water to another state of being. An easy mode of transition, which one would choose if one had the power; but there consciousness sets in. It is dangerous, too, they say, to sleep with the moonlight on your face; and I have been doing so. Madness might visit the sleeper, a different kind of madness from that which we endeavour to hide from the knowledge of the world. Give me a cigar, Mauvain. So, you did not wish to lose me."

"Life on the isle," replied Mauvain, imitating unconsciously the indolent tone of his friend, "would be intolerable without a kindred soul such as yours to sympathise with."

"Or play upon. Eh, Mauvain? Confess. You have used men."

"Having the right."

"Undoubtedly. Who has ever disputed it? You should have been a king, and your right would have been divine. Notice how still the air is. It scarcely disturbs the smoke from our cigars, which of its own volition ascends and spreads until it is merged into invisible ether. It is pretty while it lasts, and gives ample time for fancy in the way of faces. Here is a face; Ranf's. It is impossible for you to see it; raise one for yourself. My Ranf twists and curls and grins with impish malice. Ranf was a strong man—strong in character, I mean. Between you and him some passages have taken place. He saved your life, I believe?"

"He rendered me service at a critical time. I paid him for it."

"As you always do. You pay, and there's an end. Blood, brain, heart, are so bought and fairly paid for—even the soul may be included, for it is customary to pay for prayer. What can have induced a being like Ranf to jeopardise his life for you? He is not too fond of his betters."

"You forget, he was my servant."

"He is free now. All men are equals on the Silver Isle. A state of things we have flown from; I never thought of that. So! Ranf's face has curled itself away—not the thinnest line remains. And here comes a perfect cluster of faces, women's faces, all beautiful. A vision of the women of the isle, enchanting in the prospect it holds out. To think that smoke-colour should be capable of such variety and vividness! I am becoming resigned to the loss of a worn-out world. There was nothing new in it, Mauvain; day after day, week after week, the same. Here we have the chance of something novel in sensation."

"What you sigh for," said Mauvain, in a tone of quiet contempt, "may happen, and then you will taste a joy it is impossible I can ever have enjoyed."

"You have a faithful memory. This jangle of faces has disappeared, and in the curling wreaths I see one whose counterpart cannot be found in the Silver Isle, it is so strangely familiar. What name to attach to it!—there have been so many? Whose name? Whose name? Am I grown suddenly old that I cannot recall the name of one so fair?"

"As you say, Harold, there are so many."

"But this one, of all others. Simple, childlike, with no knowledge of the world, friendless and alone. Tut! tut! I have it on my tongue, and it will not come."

"Why trouble yourself about her? She has forgotten you, as you have forgotten her."

"I have never forgotten her; but age plays tricks. Do you not find it so? You are older than I, and therefore a better judge. Ah! I have it. Clarice!"

Mauvain flicked the ash off his cigar. "Clarice. Yes, she was fair, and may have deserved all your encomiums."

"She did, as you know."

"You are dictatorial, without possessing the right. I never had faith in woman."

"I am in a strange mood, Mauvain; I cannot brook contradiction, Clarice was all I have described."

"To please you, granted. What then?"

"Merely that the age of chivalry never existed, for the reason that men are men."

"And women, women. You have finished your rhapsody, I presume."

"I extinguish it with this cigar." He threw his lighted cigar into the sea. The light flickered for a moment, and then was extinguished. "And so, its brief joy slain, it drifts as I and others have drifted, into the unknown. Good-night, Mauvain."

"Good-night, mad-brain."

The next morning a boat was rowed to shore, and a messenger landed, bearing a letter, which he was instructed to deliver to some person in authority. It ran as follows:

"DEAR FRIENDS OF THE SILVER ISLE.—A cruel destiny compels me once more to seek shelter among you. My country is in the hands of a lawless rabble, who have torn down the sacred symbols of authority. Had opportunity offered, I would have chosen to die by the side of my king, but I was debarred that happiness. Compelled to fly—the choice of an honourable death not being mine—my thoughts travelled to the peaceful land in which I passed some happy years. I feel that I shall be welcome. The house I built upon your isle will shelter me; I desire to retire to it, and seek, for a little while, rest and seclusion; and when my mind, disturbed by recent events, has recovered its balance, I shall mix among you as of old, and take my share in the duties of citizenship. I have with me a few relics which I saved from fortune's wreck, and these I shall convey to my house when it is ready to receive me.—In all good will, dear friends, "MAUVAIN."

The letter was read and commented upon, and the messenger was questioned.

"Is Mauvain alone?"

"No; he has friends and servants with him."

"Then it is for others, as well as for himself, he desires a welcome?"

To this the messenger made no reply.

"Mauvain speaks of relics he has brought with him. Of what do they consist?"

"Furniture, family memorials, and such-like."

"Acquaint us with your full instructions."

"Simply to receive your reply, and convey it to Mauvain."

"Does he know that his house is occupied?"

"I cannot say."

After a long deliberation, at which the messenger was not allowed to be present, the following letter was sent by his hands to Mauvain.

"From the inhabitants of the Silver Isle to Mauvain:

"We recognise the claim you have upon us. You own a house and land in our isle, and we have also treasure of yours which we are ready to pay over to you. Your house has been in the occupation of a family named Sylvester; it is in their occupation now. A few days must necessarily elapse before they can shift their home; in the interval we offer you the best accommodation at our disposal. Let us know your pleasure."

When this letter was read upon ship-board, Harold made a wry face.

"It smacks of constraint," he said; "there is a flavour of vinegar about it."

But Mauvain professed to be satisfied with its tone, saying it was sufficient for him that his rights were recognised; and he informed the islanders, through his messenger, that his pleasure was to remain on board ship until his house was empty, and ready to receive him.

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